

Mummo

Based on the true story of Mike Nyborg's mission

Verse 1

July '73, I stepped off the plane
To serve in the land where my mother was raised
President Wade sent me to Tampere town
Where Mummo lived
and the gospel seeds were laid down

She found me at my apartment door
With Uncle Kalevi, just like before
She'd hosted missionaries twenty years ago
Now her grandson stood there, ready to go

Chorus

Mummo, I'm a missionary now
Can we talk about this gospel somehow?
Over dinners at your table, we'll break the bread
And share the truth in the words we've said

Seeds planted long ago in Finnish soil
Through letters and prayers and a mother's toil
Now the harvest came in October's light
When I baptized my Mummo, held her tight

Verse 2

Veli Hone and I, we'd visit each week
Teaching the best our Finnish could speak



Veli Swope joined in, became my tov
But we needed someone she already loved
Sisar Nieminen, her daughter's best friend
Who'd walked with my mother till baptism's end
At seventeen years old, they'd both said yes
Now she'd help her old friend take that step, be blessed

Chorus

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Bridge

Every week my mother wrote from Idaho's plains
From Finlandia Ranch where the wheat and the potatoes
grew.
She taught Finnish culture to missionaries at Ricks
Begging each one, "Please find my mother, plant these sticks"

Through saunas on Saturday, P-days in the sun
Through prayers every morning, every night, every one
Through trips across the ocean, year after year
The seeds kept growing, waiting for me to appear

Verse 3

I was just a green missionary, barely twenty years
But I stood in the water with her, through the tears
October 1973, in Tampere's autumn air
The gospel came full circle, answered prayer

My mother, her daughter, baptized at seventeen
And Sisar Nieminen, lifelong friend between
Now Mummo joined them in the waters clear
The harvest of seeds planted through all those years

Final Chorus

Mummo, you're a member now
We talked about this gospel somehow
Over dinners at your table, we broke the bread
And shared the truth in the words we said

Seeds planted long ago in Finnish soil
Through letters and prayers and a mother's toil
The harvest came in October's light
When I baptized my Mummo, held her tight
Forever my Mummo, forever bright

Outro

I was blessed to be the missionary there
But the work was done by love and prayer
Mummo . . . forever. I love you.